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LITTLE FOLKS.

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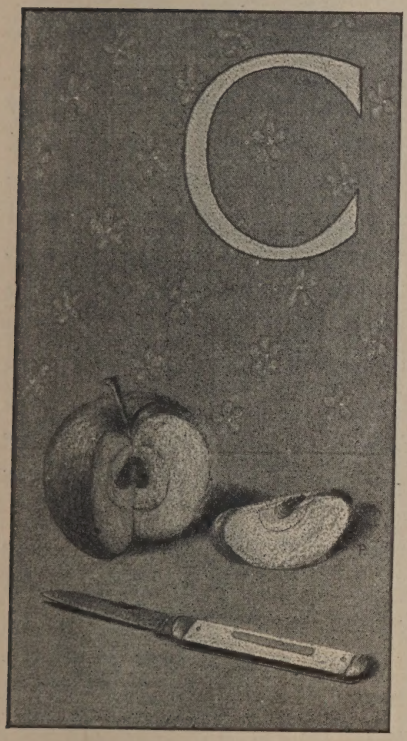
(See page 201.)

I love Mama.
I love Mama.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. MAY, 1900. No. 7.

THE APPLE MYSTERY.



"CHILDREN, I've brought you some apples," said Davy Ledyard's father, lifting a big basket from the wagon in which he had just driven from the village.

Neither Davy nor his little sister Lucy had seen an apple since Christmas, and they fairly squealed with delight as their papa gave them each one, before taking the basket to the kitchen, where their mother was getting dinner.

"There," he said, handing the basket to her, "if you'll put these in the store-room, I'll go back for the other things—we'll have to make them last as long as we can; I've never known apples to be so high, even at this time of year." And he went back to the wagon, while the children capered after their mother, biting their apples as they went.

"Now Davy," she said, as she put the basket high on a shelf, "you can reach these by standing on a chair, and you can get one for yourself and one for Lucy every day as long as they last."

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Then off the children ran, hand in hand, to look at the rows of little apple-trees which their father had set out when they first came to live on the farm, and to wonder when they would have apples of their own, without having to buy them in the village.

The next evening, when Mr. Ledyard came in from milking, he found his wife looking worried.

"Have you taken part of the apples you bought yesterday, out of the basket, and put them somewhere else?" she asked.

"No," answered Mr. Ledyard, laughing. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"Because," answered Mrs. Ledyard, looking now really troubled, "because the apples are nearly half gone. I don't care so much for the apples, but you know there's no one on the whole place but you and me and the children, and if neither you nor I have touched them, it must be Davy who has hidden them somewhere for his own private eating. He's never done anything like that before; I've always trusted him just as if he were grown up. I can't believe it!" she added, her eyes filled with tears.

"Of course you can't!" exclaimed Mr. Ledyard. "Neither of us can nor will. There isn't an honester little chap than our Davy walking on two legs."

"I know it," said Davy's mother; "that's just what I was saying—that I'd always trusted him. But it just seems as if he must have done it! I'd rather think it was poor little Lucy, because she's so little she'd hardly know how wrong it was—but she couldn't possibly reach them; Davy can barely do it standing on a chair. You see it *must* be Davy!"

"No," said Davy's father. "It's very strange of course, but I'd easier believe that the apples grew legs and walked off, than that Davy took them. When were they taken?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Ledyard. "I hadn't looked at them since I put them up there, until I went to get one just now."

"Well, then," said Mr. Ledyard, "you may be sure a rat got into the store-room and took them in the night."

But this didn't comfort Davy's mother, "There's never been a rat about the place," she said. "Besides it would take twenty to eat so many apples—and oh dear, this minute I've thought of something else! If the apples were taken by anything in the night, and Davy had nothing to do with it, why didn't he speak of so many being gone when he went this morning to get one for himself and Lucy? He would have been sure to notice it."

HE STOOD ON A CHAIR TO REACH THEM.

"I don't know about that," answered Davy's father. "Children don't notice things when they're in a hurry to go out and play. Anyway, don't worry, and I'll tell you what we'll do. After Davy goes to bed to-night, we'll spread all that are left out on the table and count them, and then put them back just where they were, and then we will count them again before he is up in the morning, and of course, if even one is gone, we can be perfectly certain that whatever took it must also have taken the others."

So, after Davy was fast asleep, his father and mother counted the apples. But when they went to the basket next morning to count them again, before Davy was awake, there

wasn't a single apple there! not one! But instead of being sorry that they were gone, Davy's mother was so happy that she laughed.

"Oh, I'm so glad about Davy," she said, "that I don't care about the apples! Still, what *can* have taken them? This room is shut exactly as we left it last night, and there isn't a crack anywhere big enough for a mouse to come through. Besides nothing smaller than a horse could possibly eat so many apples in one night! I never knew anything so strange."

"It *is* strange," said Mr. Ledyard, as he took the milking pail and started for the barn.

Just as Mrs. Ledyard was putting the breakfast on the table, Davy (who had taken it into his head to go before breakfast for the apples for Lucy and himself) came running into the room.

"Oh, Mama," he said, "where have you put the apples? There aren't any in the basket!" And then his mother had to tell him all about it—all excepting the thought which had made her so sad the day before; she wouldn't have grieved her little boy by telling him about that, for anything.

Davy felt sorry enough about the apples, but soon he was interested in guessing, or trying to guess, how it could have happened. His father said he would give him a nickel if he could find out how the apples had been taken.

Right after breakfast, Davy went to work and searched around the store-room almost all the morning, getting his mother to help him move every box and barrel in it, although she told him she was sure he wouldn't find any holes behind them. "Holes may have been gnawed since she looked," he said to himself; but no, there wasn't a place where anything bigger than a fly could get in or out. At last he gave it up and came away.

But—the thing—whatever it was—that had taken the apples, hadn't given the store-room up! For the very next morning, nearly all of the basket of potatoes which Davy and Lucy had brought up from the patch the evening before, were gone!

"Why, Papa," said Davy, "it is exactly like a fairy story!"

"Yes," said his father, "it's rather mysterious, but we shall find out all about it."

And Davy did "find out all about it" that very afternoon. And this was the way of it. He was reading in the kitchen. His mother had gone to make a visit on the next farm, and had taken little Lucy with her. His father was out in the field mowing. So he was quite alone and everything was very still. Suddenly he heard a funny little sound; a sort of "*pickety scratch, pickety scratch, pickety scratch.*"

At first Davy thought it was something on the outside wall of the house. But as he listened longer, he was sure the sound came from overhead; and then all in a minute he remembered about the apples, and a thought came into his mind.

But before I can tell you what the thought was, I must tell you how Davy's home was made.

The main house was square, and divided into four rooms, all on one floor. The store-room was built on, separately, against the side of the kitchen. The main house (like many of the houses of the poorer farmers in the mountains of Oregon, where the things that I am telling in this true story happened,) was built of upright unplaned boards, with strips nailed on the outside where the boards came together. It was finished inside with smooth thin boards, instead of lath-and-plaster. Above the wooden ceiling, between it and the roof, was a sort of attic, too low to be used for a room, although a trap-door in the kitchen ceiling opened up into it, for use in case of fire. Nobody had ever been up through the trap-door since the house was built. If they had, they would have seen a streak of light all round the edge of the attic; this light came in through an open space about three inches wide, between the roof and the walls of the house. The store-room was built on after the main house was finished, and the edge of the roof of the main house with its little open place, came right down into it.

Now Davy had never noticed the little open place all around the house up under the eaves, either outside, or in the store-room; but when he heard the scratching up in the attic, he ran into the store-room to see if there was a hole gnawed through

from the attic into the top of the store-room, and *then* he saw the little open place! Running out doors he saw that it went all round the house. Clapping his hands, he started for the mowing-field.

"I've guessed it! I've guessed it!" he shouted. "It's squirrels! They run up the outside of the house and then they can go right in under the roof, into the attic, and then down into the store-room. Come and see the open place all around the roof!"

"But," said Mr. Ledyard, as they hurried along, "it would take an army of squirrels to eat so many apples and potatoes in two nights, or even to carry them off to the woods. But I'll put my head up through the trap-door and see if I can see any squirrel's footprints in the dust that must have gathered on the attic floor;" and taking a ladder which leaned against the house he carried it into the kitchen.

"Now Davy," he said as he placed it ready for mounting, "light a candle and hand it to me as soon as I get the trap door open;" and then up he went.

And what do you think? What *do* you think he found? A great heap as big as a washtub. At first it looked like leaves only; but when the leaves were pushed aside, there were all the lost apples and potatoes, without a bite or a bruise, all nicely covered with leaves to keep out the winter frosts.

A pair of squirrels had thought the attic would make a fine winter home; and working industriously, in the hours of daylight before Mrs. Ledyard came into the kitchen to get breakfast, they had carried the apples and potatoes up the unplaned boards of the store-room, as easily as they ran up the bark of trees, and gone with them into the attic, through the open space under the roof.

Didn't Davy and his papa have fun, when they had brought the apples and potatoes down and piled them on the kitchen table, getting Mrs. Ledyard to guess, when she came home, where they came from? And wasn't Davy glad to have the apples and the nickel besides?

Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE LITTLE SINGERS.

SISTER AND I.

LITTLE sister May and I
Can sing sweetly when we try,
If everything is pleasant and we're glad;
But our voices are *so* weak
And it hurts our throats to speak,
When everything is dreary and we're sad!

I. M. B. K.

A LITTLE GIRL'S COPY.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

A DEAR little lassie is learning to write,
Learning to write with a pen;
With patient endeavor she copies the words
Over and over again.
She brings all her copies for Mama to see,
Saying lovingly, "This one is best
That says, '*I love Mama;*' for that is so true
I practise it more than the rest."

Jessie L. Britton.

BETSEY'S TWO DOLLS.

HER "SKY-SCRAPER."

ABAGAIL and Hezekiah were two dolls so old they could remember away back to the days before President Jackson was elected.

Long, long years ago they had been played with, and kissed, and hugged, and called sweet names, and pricked with pins, and smothered with ribbons and worsted shawls on hot days, and carried out with bare arms and heads on cold days, just like dolls now.

But a day came when Betsey, their little mother, grew too big a girl to play with dolls, and they were bundled into a box just large enough for them to lie straight, and placed on Betsey's bureau.

There they stayed, year after year, year after year. Betsey grew to have grey hairs and troubles, and everyone called her "Aunt Betsey." Sometimes Abagail and Hezekiah were brought out to be shown to visitors. Then what a laugh would go round! Abigail had such a queer head (a wooden one) with a wooden pug at the back, and wooden curls at the side. She had wooden legs as straight as lead pencils and just as stiff, and droll little wooden feet with green slippers painted on them. She was dressed in a pretty low-necked silk gown and wore wonderfully dainty underclothing; but for all that she did look so prim that nobody could help laughing at her. Hezekiah was wooden too and stiff, and was dressed in a faded suit of brown-and-blue gingham.

The year Aunt Betsey was sixty, she lay down to sleep one summer night, when a strange thing happened.

Abagail and Hezekiah suddenly sat up straight in their box, knocking the cover off, and tipping Aunt Betsey's snuff bottle bottom upwards.

"Whew!" said Hezekiah, sneezing a queer little wooden sneeze; "how can Betsey like that stuff?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Abagail, her cheeks growing red and her tears streaming down; "oh, dear, a-chee hoo! A-chee hoo!

I shall break—a-chee hoo! my head open—a-chee hoo—where the glue is—a-chee hoo!"

"Yes," said Hezekiah, as soon as he could stop sneezing, "I forgot we were both cracked! Do I show it badly?"

He turned around so that Abagail could see the cracked side of his head.

"Oh, no, not at all," said Abagail; "your cap covers the mended spot. But do look at me with a great black plaster right above my curls!"

"I don't notice it," said Hezekiah, with kind politeness, turning his back to Abagail, so as not to see the plaster. "My complexion is dreadful," he went on. "Betsey scrubbed all my color off one day with sand and soap, and my nose is nearly all worn off where she rubbed me against her buttons. But *you* look quite fresh!"

ABAGAIL AND HEZEKIAH.

"Oh dear! sighed Abagail, "how can I? Betsey always would pour tea all over my chin and neck; one day she poured it into the crack in my head; I didn't get over it for a long time."

"Where is your bonnet?" asked Hezekiah, suddenly. "I hope you haven't lost it—it was such a beautiful one!"

"My bonnet! don't you remember Betsey dropped it in the wash-tub one day and spoiled it? It *was* beautiful—one of those lovely 'sky-scrapers,' with real wire in it, such as Mr. Morse used to make the telegraph with in 1835."

"You have a fine memory," said Hezekiah. Hezekiah was a gallant doll who paid a compliment whenever he could.

"Let's have a bit of a dance," said Abagail; "my feet are quite stiff, for want of exercise."

"I'm not troubled that way, for I have lost them both," said Hezekiah, rolling up his trouser-legs and showing two wooden pegs where feet should have been; "but we do need exercise, and here is a nice big box to dance on."

Abagail and Hezekiah climbed as best they could upon a rare old music-box which no sooner felt the tap of their wooden feet than it began to play some old tunes Aunt Betsey had danced to in her young days.

Abagail made as graceful a curtesy as she could and not lose her balance. Hezekiah bowed low, with much care, lest he should tumble backward into the pile of snuff. Then Abagail looped up her skirts gracefully in her wooden fingers. "Your slippers are still as good as ever," said Hezekiah, glad to pay another compliment, since Abagail seemed in such low spirits.

"They do very well," said Abagail with a little simper; for if there was anything she was proud of it was those slippers.

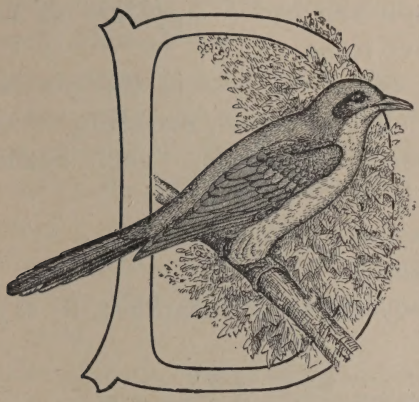
They glided and curtseyed, and bowed and swung about, until the old clock in the corner felt that these were very strange proceedings to take place on Aunt Betsey's bureau, and began to strike six! with all his might.

The music stopped, the dolls scrambled into the box and laid themselves out as straight as possible, and Aunt Betsey sat up and untied her night-cap, thinking it was morning.

Annie Chase.

A BREAKFAST OF LETTUCE.

THREE LITTLE OKLAHOMA BOYS.



THE "PUMP BIRD."

DOWN in Oklahoma live three as happy little boys as can be found anywhere on a long day's journey.

They are too young to go to school. They run about out of doors from morning until night, here, there and everywhere. They are fond of counting birds. They bring in so many kinds of forest and prairie flowers that every bottle, pitcher, tumbler and goblet in the house is generally filled long before noon.

They are wonderful little fellows for "taking notice" and finding new creatures.

One day all three came in from a ramble, much excited. "Oh, oh! we've found a nest of eagles!" cried Earl. "They are all white, and they have no feathers on their heads, and they must be the Bald Eagles!"

Their mother thought it hardly probable that the birds could be eagles; but from the little boys' description she could not decide what they were. So after dinner she went with them to the woods to see the birds.

When they came to the nest she found it on the ground, and two perfectly white birds in it, about half as large as a hen. They had large strong beaks, and as she came up with the little boys they both made a strange hissing noise. She could not tell what kind of birds they were. She decided to visit them again and keep watch of them as they grew—for large as they were, they were plainly baby birds.

But it so happened that she was unable to go again. Frank, Ralph and Earl, however, visited the forest nest daily. After a while they reported that the birds were turning black. Then, one day, little Earl said he was'nt going any more; and when

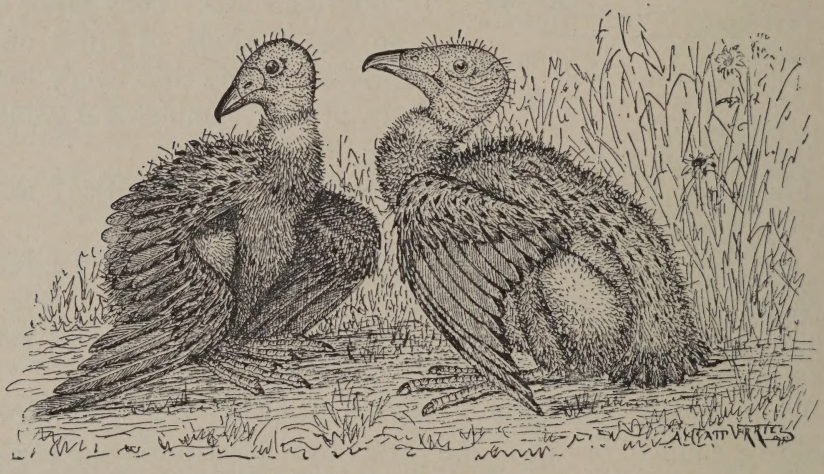
his mother asked the reason, he said, "Mama, their breath is bad!" Mama laughed, for now she had a suspicion as to the kind of bird they might prove to be.

She went with the boys next day to the nest in the woods. Sure enough, the birds were all black now, excepting that there was a little white ring around their necks. Their heads were quite red, like a gobler's.

Now what do you suppose these birds were?

They were young turkey-buzzards.

Another day the three little boys came in, breathless, to say



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THESE BIRDS WERE?

they had round a new bird, a very new bird, and had named it themselves—the "pump bird."

They described it as having a long beak, a brown back, and and a yellow breast, also very short legs. "And when it sings," said Ralph, "it says 'Tweedle Loodle,' and goes up and down like a pump."

"Now, Mama, get the dictionary," said Frank, "and see if we can find it."

So Mama brought the dictionary and turned to the pictures of the many different kinds of birds; but the little boys would not admit that any of them were at all like the bird they had seen.

A few days later they came running in, shouting, "Here is the pump bird! Now come and see it! Come and see it for yourself, Mama!"

Mama went out to look at it. She found the children's description very good, especially of its peculiar motion when it was uttering its strange notes, for it raised itself as high as it could on its short legs, and then came down as each note was sounded.

When Papa came to dinner, they described it to him. He told them that it was what the Oklahoma farmers called a "rain crow."

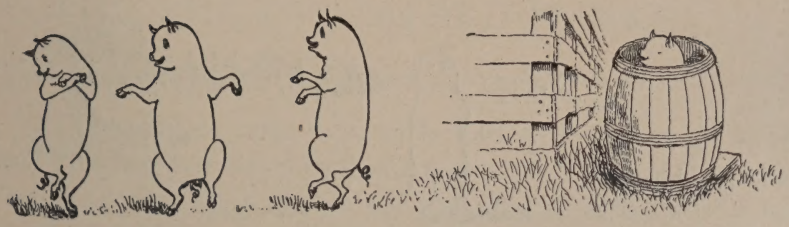
Always since, when these little boys see this peculiar bird, they come rushing in to say, "It's going to rain, Mama! There's a sign of rain, Mama, the pump bird is here again!" And truly these birds seem to be an almost unfailing forerunner of a rain-storm.

Mary L. Kimmerly.

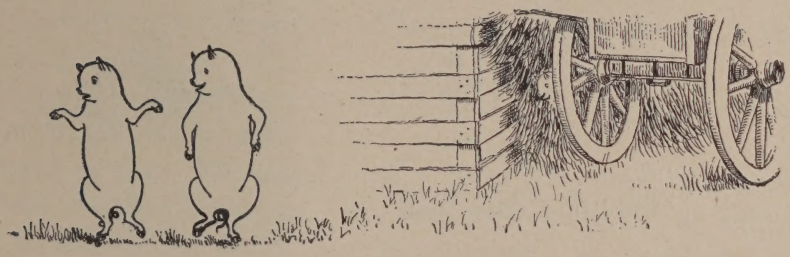
THIS IS A REAL DELIGHTFUL HAMMOCK-DAY,
THE FIRST WE HAVE HAD THIS GREEN GREEN MAY!

FIVE PRETTY WHITE PIGS.

FIVE pretty white pigs came dancing along,
They're coming together, and singing a song;
One dances away on the tips of his toes,
And hides in the yard where the lilac-bush grows.



Four pretty white pigs come dancing along,
They're coming together, and singing a song;
One jumps in a barrel, and crouches from sight,
Then waits to be found—the funny wee mite!

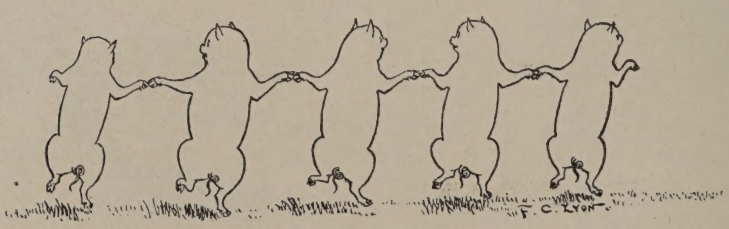


Three pretty white pigs come dancing along,
They're coming together, and singing a song;
One breaks from the line and hides in a stack
That's just round the corner behind the hayrack.

Two pretty white pigs come dancing along,
They're coming together, and singing a song;
One steals away softly and climbs up a tree,
Then shakes his fat sides and chuckles with glee.

One pretty white pig comes dancing along,
He's coming alone, and he's singing a song;
His voice sounds so lonesome; he looks all around,
He looks up to the sky and down to the ground.

"Oh where have they gone? They are hiding I know!
No more singing for me; a-hunting I'll go!"
So he's off to the yard where the lilac-bush grows;
Then next to the barrel, the little pig goes;



Around to the stack; and then to the tree;
"Now come along, come along, all come with me!"
Five pretty white pigs go dancing away—
Back they'll come dancing some bright happy day!

Carrie B. Sanborn.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER VII.—The Search at The Philibeg Fair.

ALL the Pekoe boys and girls had expected to go to the Philibeg fair but they had not expected to go all together.

That was what they did do, the morning after Billy Boy had received the big pumpkin instead of the drum that he had bought for his Company, the Pekoe Guards, and Bee had got the wrong monkey with her hurdy-gurdy.

It was generally believed that the expressman had carried the drum and might possibly have carried the right monkey to the Philibeg fair.

The road from Pekoe to Philibeg was a sight on that Saturday morning!

Boys and girls on bicycles and on foot, boys and girls in carriages and on horseback. There were three little Bickerbys on the back of their old sorrel horse! Billy Boy and Bee drove Carrots in the donkey cart with the great pumpkin in behind and at the last moment they were obliged to let little lame Leander Green sit astride the pumpkin.

Leander was late because he had to wait for his mother to starch a collar and iron it for him, so there was no one else to give him a lift. Bee and Billy Boy agreed that they would take turns in walking for a while if the load should be too heavy for Carrots.

Carrots would let you know if he found a load too heavy—never fear! he would just stand still and kick.

They took the monkey too. Billy Boy said that if Yellow-Cap had been carried to the fair by mistake it would be well to be able to change at once.

Bee thought that the monkey would remain quietly in the cart; and for a while he did sit upon the seat between her and Billy Boy, as grave as a judge.

Bee kept the end of the fine long chain that was fastened to his collar around her wrist and felt no uneasiness about him, even when he chose to sit astride the pumpkin in imitation of little Leander Green.

But when he suddenly took a flying leap to Carrots' back it seemed likely that there would be trouble! Carrots was growing old and crabbed and for a long time had not allowed any boy or girl to get upon his back. He had tossed Jacky Haines, the minister's son, over a fence into a cabbage-field and had stood so straight up on his hind legs that little Smithy Dusenberry slid off. Smithy was plucky and held on to Carrot's tail, and he was so small and so nimble that Carrots kicked and kicked and didn't hit him.

But little Smithy Dusenberry's aunt, with whom he lived, was so badly frightened, thinking of what Carrots *might* have done to her nephew, that she covered him with arnica plasters and wouldn't let him go to school for three days, and since that none of the Pekoe children had tried, or even wished to try to ride Carrots.

Bee's heart stood still when the monkey alighted on the donkey's back. But Carrots didn't behave as he ever had behaved before. He tried to turn his head around that he could see the queer creature that had alighted on his back, his big ears seemed to grow bigger and stiffer and he uttered one of his great brays that always made people put their fingers in their ears. He stopped short and seemed to be about to begin to kick when the monkey began to scold sharply, in his high-keyed voice. Then Carrots, that donkey that no one had ever been able to manage when he didn't like things, dropped his ears meekly, started off at a good, steady pace, passed everything on the road, and carried them to the Philibeg fair at the very head of the Pekoe procession!

And even at the Philibeg fair, where there was so much to see, everyone stopped to look at the donkey-cart with little Leander Green riding the big pumpkin behind and the monkey riding Carrots in front.

Billy Boy made his way directly to the vegetable exhibit, followed by all the Pekoe boys and girls, and by Orlando Pew, the Browns' "hired man," who had been sent to take care of them all.

Orlando was very tall and he carried the great pumpkin on

PEKOE HAD GOT AN EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR.

his shoulder and he was surrounded by the Pekoe children; and when the monkey dashed away from Bee and climbed to Orlando's shoulder and sat astride the pumpkin again, a crowd gathered shouting.

Orlando said it looked as if Pekoe had already got an exhibit at the fair.

But Billy Boy and, in fact, all the Pekoe Guards hurried on to the vegetable exhibit booths, heaped with vegetables in such beautiful colors that they looked at a little distance like bouquets of flowers. Billy Boy could not stop to think how pretty they were.

"Have you had a drum sent here instead of a big pumpkin?" he asked an attendant.

"We've had a drum. I don't know that 'twas instead of a a pumpkin, although it was marked 'For Exhibit 3.' That is the vegetable exhibit. The Philibeg band that's playing over there at the stand had ordered a new drum and they thought the small drum had been sent them for a joke—the drummer is a very large man, you see."

The Pekoe Guards looked over at the band-stand. The drummer was a very stout man indeed! he was almost as broad as he was long and his cheeks were puffed out as if he had been playing on a flute.

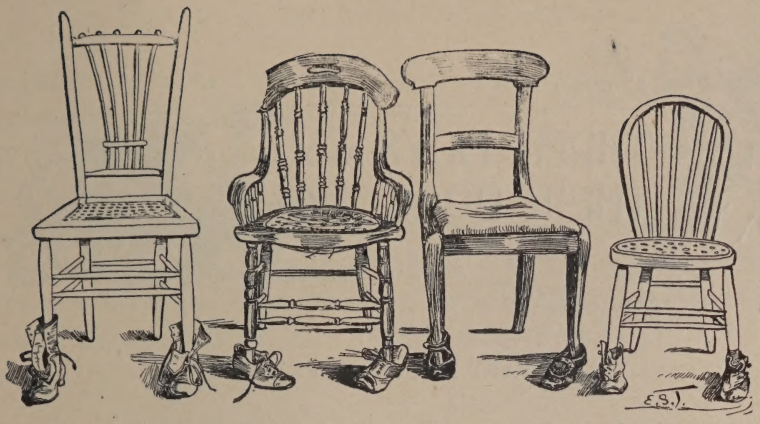
"I wonder if drumming makes you so! I think it is that instead of eating candy," said Tommy Pritchard eagerly—for Tommy did not like to have people say that he must not eat candy.

But the rest of the Guards were thinking only of the drum. They hurried over to the stand to demand its return, Orlando Pew still keeping the big pumpkin, with the monkey astride it, upon his shoulder.

They were not going to give up the pumpkin until they were sure of the drum, for that big pumpkin might mean, as Bob Brown said, the finest jack-o'lantern, by and by, that Pekoe had ever seen.

Sophie Swett.

(*To be continued.*)



"RIGHTS AND LEFTS."

ANY little body know
Why these chairs are in a row
With a shoe upon each toe?
First are Dick's stout pair of "laced;"
Then comes Tom's, beside them placed;
Jessie's slippers, where she sat;
Lastly Baby's, soft and fat.
In the morning, when they dress,
'Tis so hard to stop and guess
Which is "left" and which is "right,"
That they place them over night.
(But isn't it a funny sight!)

E. S. Tucker.

A PRETTY MISTAKE.

LITTLE Lutie ate a radish,
Red and crisp—and then
Most politely said, "P'ease, muvver,
Pass 'e f'owers aden!"

Stella Weiler-Taylor.

PART I.—OUR DOG-RIGHTS.

I WONDER if there was ever a boy who didn't love a dog, or who felt that he was perfectly happy without one? I am sure I never knew such a boy, and if I did, I should think there was something the matter with him.

When I was a boy I owned a dog, and so did each of my two younger brothers. That made three dogs in the family, you see, and a happy family it was—all except father and mother, who somehow could not seem to take the interest in the dogs that we boys did. I never could quite understand it, until I grew older, for the dogs all seemed to like father and mother. I thought it was because they had so many cares. People do not generally love cares, and I presume our dogs were a care to them. At any rate, father said it cost him a hundred dollars extra a year to feed three dogs. That seems dreadfully high, when dogs eat only "what is left." But you have to leave a good deal to satisfy three hungry dogs.

But anyway our parents let us keep three dogs. Three was the limit, as father said, when I wanted to get one more for myself. A dog apiece was enough, he thought; and I think so now myself, as I look back. But at that time I felt as if I *must* have two dogs!

So, after brooding over the matter for a long time, a brilliant idea came to me, and I bought out my youngest brother's right to keep a dog! It took a good deal of coaxing, as well as reasoning, to convince him that he didn't want a dog, in view of what I was willing to give him. But his eyes kept getting

larger and larger, as I went on increasing my offer, and finally he agreed to sell out his dog-privilege.

I gave him two dollars in pennies, a printing press, a large catalogue of fancy type-specimens, a bowlful of "china" and "agate" marbles, a knife with three blades—or two and a half, perhaps I ought to say—and a pair of skates. All these were things which he had been wanting for a long time, and teasing for, and the combination was too much for him.

POOR LITTLE CHARLIE PARTED WITH HIS "DOG-RIGHT."

So the poor little fellow parted, as you might say, with his birthright. A sad time he had of it, saying good-by to his dog, which I gave to the captain of a canal-boat down at the wharves. His tears fell like rain, and almost melted my hard heart. But father stood out firmly against four dogs, and I stood firm in my selfishness, for which I am very much ashamed now, and would like to omit it from my story. But as this is a true story, I am not going to. Besides I want you to see how I came out.

As I would not "swap" back, I had my way and got me another dog. The three dogs we had then were "Vickel," a pointer, my first dog—a fine hunter, and a very nice affectionate dog too; "Crusoe," a little spaniel, with very bushy, tangled, faded brown hair—Crusoe belonged to my brother Rob; and "Rufus," a big, red Irish setter—Rufus it was that took the place of my youngest brother's dog. I thought I had got a great bargain in Rufus, and he certainly was a splendid-looking fellow, with an air as if he owned the world.

But I soon found out that Rufus was the most worthless dog in the whole town. He was afraid of the sound of a gun, so that he was no good for hunting. He couldn't do a single trick, or understand a single command, and all he seemed to care for was fighting other dogs, that is, dogs smaller than himself. He bullied Vickel and Crusoe terribly, and they used to go about with their tails between their legs whenever he was around.

Worst of all, Rufus had a fearful temper, and would sometimes snap at even me, when I punished him, or tried to make him leave a few scraps of food for the other dogs. At last, (oh, how ashamed it made me!) he bit a little girl who came into the yard on an errand, and father had him shot before I got home. (I was down town at the time.) I was not so sorry as I was ashamed; and it was years before anybody could even mention Rufus without my wanting to sneak away and hide.

So I think I was pretty well paid for my selfishness, don't you?

I gave his "dog-right" back to my youngest brother, Charlie, and in addition bought him a big lumbering puppy, of no particular breed, that he had taken a fancy to. He named the puppy "Don." Then we were all happier again, including the dogs.

In direct contrast with Rufus, our new dog, Don, was the best-natured dog I ever saw. He grew to be almost as big as a calf, but you could do anything with him, and he would only grin at you. Yes, he would actually grin! His eyes would narrow out and half close, and he would open his big mouth

and sort of waggle his jaws—just as plainly laughing as anything could be. He had lovely eyes, big and brown and tender, but the rest of him was awfully homely.

Don knew lots, and was the most "folksy" dog we ever had. He loved to draw his little master, in a cart which I had made for him out of a soap-box. You could hear that old cart rattling around the college-green at all hours of the day. In fact, Don had only one fault—and even that was because he was such a kind, jolly, sociable fellow. He liked to get acquainted with every dog that he saw. And sometimes, when he was drawing my brother Charlie out, and a new dog appeared in the distance, he would forget and start for him at the top of his speed, 'cross-lots or any way, often tipping my little brother over, or scaring him terribly, so that his screaming would make the college students stick their heads out of the windows to see what was the matter.

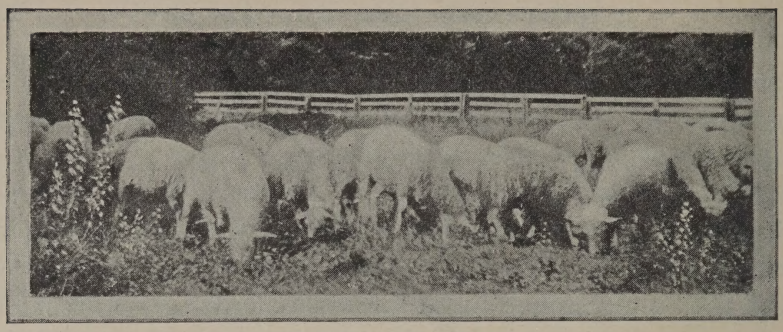
I would like to describe our other dogs too, but not now. In another chapter I will tell how we once went camping with all three dogs, and what a time we had with them in the boat and when the tent blew down. Those were funny experiences.

James Buckham.

BABY AND THE COLORS.

THINK of the pleasure
Of first seeing Blue!
Think of the Red and the Yellow
All new!
Think of the Green when it first
Meets the sight!
Think of all colors—
Oh, joy and delight!

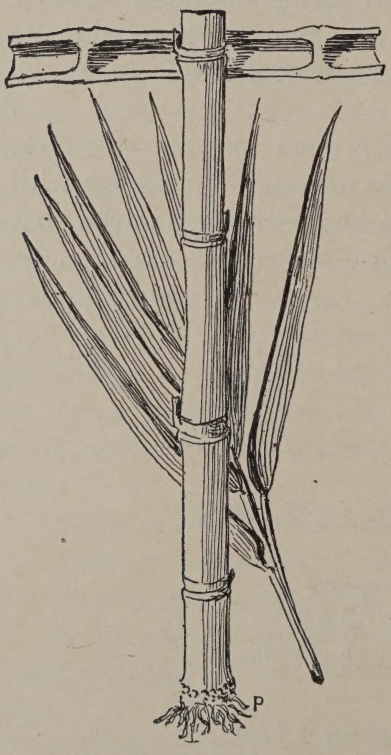
M. J. H.



UP IN THE SHEEP-PASTURE

THE CANE-BRAKE.

(*Two Little Southern Girls and their Garden-Plays.*)



CANES, SPLIT CANE AND LEAF.

THE cane-brakes on the borders of the southern rivers are beautiful. Little folks never go there to play—there are too many snakes! But canes are brought up, in one way and another, for the children. We always had them to play with.

Long ago, before the gentle soft-voiced Indians, the Choctaws, left our state, wandering westward, we looked for them every spring to come into our villages, and out to the plantations, bringing their wares to sell. They brought very beautiful baskets made of brightly-dyed and woven cane-reeds. What Alabama girl has not her own pretty Indian basket!

For the little boys they brought blow-guns and arrows.

The gun was a long straight cane, carefully hollowed out, the tough fibre at the joints burned through with red-hot wires.

Some of those marvellous guns were three yards long! The arrows were short wires, with a wisp of cotton firmly bound about one end; round and round was the cotton tightly bound until the arrow looked like a cat-tail growing by the brook.

The arrow was put into the long gun; then you lifted the gun in both hands as if it were a trumpet, and—blew!

How the arrow flew!

It was wonderful how expert at target-shooting we children became—we little girls used to shoot with these long slender blow-guns, as well as our brothers!

Then again we used to think, we little girls as well as our brothers, that nothing made so good a fishing-pole as the long lithe cane—how those natural rods would spring to the nibble of a fish!

And oh, the music we children used to get from our cane flutes! They were the true Indian flutes—the mild Choctaws used to bring them about to sell. They looked simple; but we knew by experience that it was not easy to make a cane flute that would "play;" though it was just a section of cane, with a mouth-hole cut near the fibrous joint, the pith extracted, and small notches cut where the fingers might start and stop the breathing melody. What little southern girl has not worked for many a sunny hour, with her slow, patient little pocket-knife, trying to make a flute that would "sound."

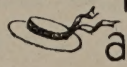
Oh, the cool, waving, murmuring, rustling, green cane-brake! It is one of the dearest of all my childhood's out-door pictures! But it will not be very long, now, before all the rich old river-bottoms will be cleared up for the growing of cotton crops and corn. Then goodby to reed baskets, and to blow-guns, and to cane fishing-poles, and to Indian flutes! The little southern children of the next generation will not know them!

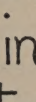
CANE FISH-POLE.

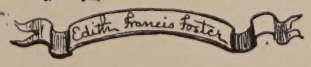
Martha Young.

JIMMY CROW.

VII.

The circus was coming! Jack wanted to go, but he had spent all his for and a . "Shall I give you twenty-five cents now," asked as she took out her , "or will you earn it?" "I'll earn it, with my own ", said . "It's more fun to spend money you have worked for." "Then you may weed the and for me," said Mama. Jack put on his and went into the garden. Jimmy Crow went too. ate and a , and then perched on the and watched work. When the job was done Mama paid him his quarter. First he sat on the and spun the coin like a . Then he began to toss it up in the air, and catch it in his  as it fell.

The second time he didn't catch it—but did, and flew off with it. ran after him, shouting, "Stop thief!" He chased him through the  -bushes and across the -bed, to the orchard . There Jimmy sat till Jack came up, then he dropped the quarter into a between the stones. Jack heard it rattle down to the ground. Then had to work hard! He pulled away the till he could see it, between two big rocks, but couldn't get his in. So he took a and poked. At last, out rolled the quarter—and out hopped a ! Jack laughed, but was so surprised he flapped his and croaked. Just then Bob came up. "Did your mother give you that?" he asked. "No," said , "I earned it, for the circus—and made me earn it over again!"



HER PUN.

A THIN little girl was named Kathleen—
Now, what do you think of that?
She always did as she was told,
And so grew nice and fat,
The best little girl that ever was seen—
And what do you think of that?
She said, "I am *not* any more Kath-leen,
I ought to be called Kath-fat!"

M. I. S.

OUR PREMIUMS.

LITTLE FOLKS will have a new and very nice premium list in October, but as a great many subscribers are writing about premiums now, a few of those which can be furnished at present are mentioned. All boys, and some girls, like mechanical toys and there are no better ones made than the steam toys manufactured by the Weeden Engine Co. There is an upright Steam Engine, 10 inches high, with safety valve, whistle, water glass, etc; an elegant Steamboat, with brass boiler and three-bladed propeller; a Steam Pile Driver; a Steam Force Pump which throws a stream six feet, and a Hot Air Engine which runs without water or steam, any one of which will be sent post paid for two new subscribers or for one new order and 50c. All these engines are warranted to run and are thoroughly tested before being sent out. The Daisy Air Guns, 30 inches long and shooting darts or B. B. shot are great favorites with the boys and cost only two new subscribers. A solid silver Thimble pleases many girls and is given for one new subscriber. Any of the "Pepper Books" can be given for two new orders and 15cts. for postage. For thirteen new subscribers or six subscribers and $2.75 will be sent a lovely little gold watch, warranted for ten years by the makers. This is a splendid watch for a teacher or a mother as well as a young lady. There is a nickel watch just the size for a boy, for four new subscribers. For four new subscribers and 30c. for postage will be sent a Bagster Art Bible full of illustrations, in large type and in fine morocco divinity circuit binding.

The premiums which have been most in demand and which seem to be of the most value are these. A complete bound volume (I) of LITTLE FOLKS, in beautiful red binding, for one new subscriber and 20c. in postage. A set of fifty engravings similar to the Perry pictures for one new subscriber. A free subscription to LITTLE FOLKS for a year for two new subscribers.

The publisher has made some good strong covers with side and back stamps for the last volume of LITTLE FOLKS, These he will send, with title page and index, for fifty cents. Have your numbers bound and preserve them. Most of the back numbers can be furnished if you have lost any of them. Volume II can be sent bound in cloth by mail for $1.50.

Little Folks will be sent free for a year to any person securing two new subscribers.

All these little children write that they love LITTLE FOLKS, and read all the stories, and all the letters in the Letter Bag, and have beautiful times with their dolls and pets, and the letters should be published if there were room:

Beatrice Janet Edgerly, Jamie Annin, Dorothy Beach, Annie Areta Davis, Irene Crabb, Hilda J. Smith, Emily Eunice Barber, Grace M. Crayton, Martha Hines, Gladys Weil, Mildred McIntosh, Alice Hines, Nellie Snodgrass, John Wolliston, Mary Dwight Bailey, Gertrude Bolzer, Ruth and Laura Warren, "Lilian," Cecilia Kennedy, Melvin Louis Taber, Ethel Tayler, Joe and Myra Cutler, Harvey McCaslin.

DAYTONA, FLA.

Dear Little Folks:—You are just as delightful as any magazine could be and I love so to have you come. I want to tell you that one of your stories helped me, too, for of course I want to grow stronger and wiser every day, if ever so little. I am only five years and a half old. I have many little faults and difficulties, and when Mama and I read about "Dorothy's Behaviour Reports," we thought it a beautiful plan, and decided to adopt it. My mother got a little blank-book and made out a list, and I mark it as she and I think best at night. These are the words, "obedience," "accuracy,"—that means telling exactly what is so; "promptness," "cheerfulness," "neatness"—that is when I pick up my things myself and keep my clothes, cap, etc. hung up; "economy"—that refers chiefly to bringing tools etc., in out of the weather; "carriage—I get only 7 because I do not keep my chest up *all* the time; "nails;" "politeness"—I am ashamed to say I have spells of biting my lips, but this report has helped me so much—I almost always get 10 now. Some days these are all 10,s except carriage, but not often. I like *every page*, even the premium lists.

William M. Glenn, 5½ years.

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S. E. CASSINO, Salem, Mass.

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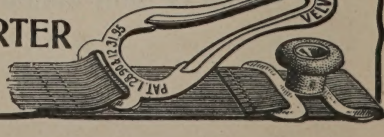


GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years of age. I have no little sister or brother, but I have three little cousins; two live across the street and the other lives four squares away. I had a pony, but I sold him; he would stop right on a car track and would'nt move. I had two little dogs, one I gave away and the other got frozen in the blizzard last winter. I love *Little Folks* dearly I am always glad when the day for *Little Folks* comes around; and when it comes I always read the letters first. I have been taking you since you published the first number. I like the stories of "Roggie and Reggie" "The Story of Tartar" "The Stars that turned to Dollars," and the Sea Captain's children." I have a doll as large as a small baby. She has beautiful hair, long thick, brown curls. She has ever so many clothes and I dress her like a real baby. I have just come from France and I had a lovely time. I go to school. I have been going for two years and I like it ever so much. I go to the Convent of the Visitation on Connecticut Avenue. I have a great many teachers; there are Sister Gertrude Sister Mary Amy, Sister Reedder and Sister Mc'Keller.

Nellie Sinclair Merrill.

FT. WAYNE, IND.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I thank you for writing *Little Folks*, I have just taken it a month I like it very much. My Aunt Florence is going to send me the back numbers. I am ten years old. I like to read the little letters. I am writing this letter at my Grandma's. I hope you will put this in *Little Folks* to surprise my mamma and papa and my cousin Victor Hough of Homestead Pa. He takes *Little Folks*.

Helen McGee.

DULUTH, MINN.

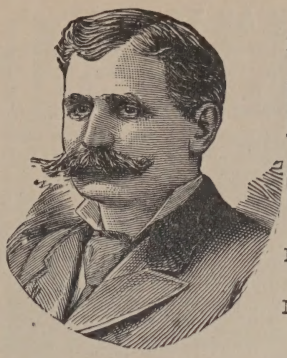
Dear Little Folks:—I have had such good times reading you that I want some of my friends to read you too; so I send you seven dollars, and my papa will write the names on the typewriter, so you can be sure to send to the right little girls. I want you to send the Christmas number to all these addresses, and send me the gold watch for a prize. I wish you a Merry Christmas!

Marion I. Hopkins.

SABETHA, KANS.

Dear Little Folks:— I am a little Kansas girl who loves to read your stories. I was seven years old Dec. 12, and my mamma and papa had a surprise party on me. My little friends heaped my lap full of presents; one of them was a pretty little cup and saucer with the picture of the Sabetha school house on it. We had a Christmas tree at home; we used our Oleander tree. it was lovely and our presents were very nice. My little sister's name is Norla and baby brother's name is Claire; he is the dearest little man. We have a telephone in our house, sister and I love to talk to Papa through it.

S. Margie Judy.



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SHE WAS TOO FAT.

Ada St. Clair, the actress, played leading-lady parts from 1890 to 1896, when she became so stout that she had to leave the stage.

She tried many medical remedies and nostrums without avail. The more anti-fat remedies she swallowed, the fatter she became, and in July, 1896, she weighed 205 pounds.

One day she found a perfect cure, and in two months thereafter she appeared in a high-class young girl part, weighing just 128 pounds, and the reduction in flesh was without the least injury to her health or purse.

What she did, how she did it, and what she used, and how the same treatment has cured many men and women since, Mrs. Lafarge will tell you, confidentially, in a letter, for the small fee of one dollar. There is no other charge hereafter. You can buy what she prescribes from your own druggist. The cure depends more on what you do and how you do it. No violent exercise, no starvation diet, or anything of that sort. You can follow intructions unknown to your friends, and during a month you will get rid of from one to two pounds of useless fat every day. If you think such a result worth One Dollar to you, send that amount (in a $1 bill or stamps.)

Address Mrs. Louise Lafarge, Station E, Duffy Building, New York. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send you your $1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Lafarge and what she has done.

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GRANVILLE, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I was nine years old yesterday. I got a handkerchief, some letter paper and a bag of nuts. I like you very much. The stories I like best are "The Story of Tarter," "The Live Doll," "Jimmy Crow," and I think "Captain Billy Boy Brown of The Pecoe Guards was fine. I spoke "Her first Christmas stocking," at school. I am going to try to get some subscribers, for books. I am in the Fourth Reader at school, and in fractions. I have taken "*Little Folks*" for a year and I am taking it this year too. I like the letter that was written from Bethlehem. Well I will stop but I have lots more to say. I will write again.

Julia Clarissa Harper.

EASLEY, S. C.

Dear Little Folks:—I am seven years old and am in the third grade. I like to go to school very much, and like to stand head in my class. Mama gave you to me last year, and my sister Mary gave you to me this year for Christmas, and I have two new subscribers and I send two dollars in this letter. I like "Up Banister Hill" best and think the "Lemon Piggies" funniest. I never saw any picture-letters in any other book. Please publish this letter so my four big brothers will see it. I am getting subscriptions to Ladies' Home Journal and to Saturday Post, for my education and intend to work for it ten years.

V. Beryl Martin.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PETS.

Belgian Hares, Fancy Mice, several colors, gentle, never bite, no odor. Peruvian Cavies, like little poodle dogs, gentle and cunning. Orders taken for all kinds of pets, dogs, pigeons, monkeys, parrots, song birds, etc. The Belgian hares are very interesting when young. Send stamp for circulars.

F. H. DEWEY,

55 Mechanic Street, Westfield, Mass.

SEE WHAT 10 CTS. WILL BUY!

A mammoth package of games, tricks, etc. Over 200 choice riddles. Please both old and young. Send at once as this offer is for 30 days only.

USEFUL NOVELTY CO, Box 18, Stowe, Vermont.

METROPOLIS, ILL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl twelve years old, my Uncle has sent you to me for three years, and I like you very much and the stories I like best are, "The Yellow Capped Monkey and The Two Dogs that went to School." I look forward to your coming every month. I have three brothers and two sisters and my youngest brother is three months old and he is very cunning, his name is Willie. I have a pet cat named Taby and he is very pretty, all his paws are white and under his neck is white, all the rest is grey. My father used to have a whole room full of birds all different kinds.

Alice Gilman Burnham.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I have an old cat, and I have six dolls One is very nice. I got her Christmas; she shuts and opens her eyes, and her name is Annie, and she is jointed and dressed in silk. I live in the country. I think that I can get two more subscribers.

Mary Helen Boldrick.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dear Little Folks:—I have long wished to write you a letter and tell you how much I like you. I am seven years old, I have been going to school four months. I like all the stories and the letters too. Some of my favorite stories are "Gold Stars," "Billy Boy Brown," "Little White Dog," and "Roggie and Reggy." I have a bird named Dipesy, a cat and a white hen. I got a nice blackboard for Christmas, which I like very much. It is a pleasant warm winter here, roses and other flowers are still blooming out doors. I am trying to get some new subscribers for you.

Jean Robertson.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am seven years old. My papa gave you to me for Christmas. I like you very much, I wish every day was a month. I want you so much. I like the "Sea Captain's Children," "Betsey's Evening in the Woods," "Billy Boy Brown," and "Roggie and Reggie" best. We went out to the mountains this summer and had a lovely time. I go to school and like it very much. I am going to get you a second year.

Marguerite Mallett.

OLINA, OHIO.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven years old. I wish you came every week. I got some nice presents Christmas. My mama gave you to me again; I have taken you two years. I have one kitten; its name is "Billie." My brother has two kittens their names are "Dewey," and Snow Ball. I like "The Sea Captain's Children" and "A Dolls Boarding House." My brother likes "Roggie and Reggie" and "How Jock saved Betsy." I have five dolls, Margaret, Ethel, Araminta, Elsie and Gertrude. I am in the Third Reader.

Esther Tenney.

THE happiest time in a boy's life is the day when he dons his first short trousers. With conscious pride does the little fellow feel the importance incident to this first pair. At no period in a man's life does he more nearly approach this sense of complete satisfaction than when he first wears a pair of *Velvet Grip Boston Garters.*

SOLD IN SIFTING TOP BOTTLES.

SAWYER'S
Crystal
BLUE...

gives a beautiful tint to linens, laces, and goods that are worn and faded.

Be sure that you get

SAWYER'S

40 YEARS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

OLD PETE.

Dear Old Pete was a member of our family for twenty-four years. For three years, he was a frisky black colt and petted by all, so when the time came to harness him he was not afraid of being hurt. He thought it fun to show his great strength and for fifteen long years he toiled faithfully.

One day Grandpa said, "Pete is eighteen years old today and I am going to give him a birthday present." "Goody, goody," cried the children. "What is it? Can we see it?" Then Grandpa told us how for fifteen years Pete has been a trusted and faithful friend in sunshine and rain alike and he was going to give him his liberty for the rest of his life.

Out ran we children to tell Old Pete the good news. We made a wreath of daisies for his neck, braided his mane and forelock so that it would be curly and then put on his halter and led him to the neighbors to announce the good news.

Fo six years Old Pete was the children's playmate and many a frolic they had together.

One day papa, who was then a little boy like me, rode Pete to the watering trough for a drink. Papa's legs were short and fat and Pete's back was broad, so Papa held on to Pete's mane to keep from sliding over his head while going down the hill.

After Pete had all the water he wanted, he started for the barn and papa made him gallop up the hill just for fun. When they were half way up the hill, papa began to slide off Pete's broad back and cried, "Whoa, Pete." Pete felt him sliding and stopped just as papa fell under him.

Pete liked fun and he loved the children and never hurt any one. Turning his head to see just where papa lay, he raised one hind foot as high as he could, then the other, took a few steps to be sure he was far enough away, then kicked up his heels and ran for the barn.

Papa lay in the dust perfectly still, just to see what Pete would do. As the dear old horse reached the lane gate, he looked back to see where papa was, and not seeing him, stopped and neighed. As he could not see over the brow of the hill where papa lay, he neighed again louder, but no answer, then he walked a little way back, calmly wondering where that boy was.

"Could I have hurt him?" he thought. "I was very careful to step over him." He walked faster, then trotted until he saw papa lying in the dust.

Poor Pete was sure he had hurt his little friend and came up very gently and put his soft nose on papa's cheek and kissed him.

Then that naughty boy made a grab for the halter rope to catch old Pete who saw that he had been fooled again but not caught for he jerked up his head and away he went, kicking his heels in the air at every jump and off to the barn.

Next month I will tell you about Pete and the Gypsies.

Little Duffer.

If any boy would like to have a house foot-ball or any girl a doll's union suit, they can send a 2c. stamp to Little Duffer at Muskegon, Mich., and he will tell them how to get one free.

•••• THE ••••

"KITCHEN AND HAND"

...SOAP...

The Best Soap Ever Introduced
For Cleansing and Polishing
Tin, Copper, Brass,
And all Metals.

For Cleansing & Restoring
PAINT
It has no equal in the market.

For removing Tar, Pitch, Cement, Varnish, Paint, Axle Grease, Blacking, and all impurities from the hands, it is unequaled, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

Beware of Imitations. For Sale by all Grocers.

CHAS. F. BATES & CO.

Proprietors and Manufacturers,

Office, 123 Oliver St., - - - Boston.

Factory, Wollaston, Mass.

WHAT $1.00 WILL DO!

The Mothers' Journal, New Haven, Ct.

$1.00 a year, including any one book or magazine named below, FREE.

THE BABY, By FRANCES SHELDON BOLTON, A book to aid Young Mothers in the physical and mental developement of their Children. Some of the Kindergarten principles as applied to small children in the nursery.

ALMOST A WOMAN AND TEACHING TRUTH, By MARY WOOD ALLEN, M. D.

PREPARATION FOR MOTHERHOOD, By ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

HOME OCCUPATIONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN, By KATHERINE BEEBE.

HOME GAMES AND PARTIES, By MRS. HAMILTON MOTT.

GOOD COOKING, By MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER.

CREATIVE FORCE IN VEGETABLE, ANIMAL AND HUMAN WORLD, By ANNA M. PENNOCK.

THE BUSINESS GIRL, By RUTH ASHMORE.

CONKEY'S HOME JOURNAL. An Illustrated Monthly.—One year.

AMERICAN FRUIT GROWERS' JOURNAL. (Monthly).—One year.

For $1.00 and 15 cents in stamps (for expressage) we will send the MOTHERS' JOURNAL for one year and a box of Richter's Stone Blocks, FREE.

Send postal for free sample, to

MOTHERS' JOURNAL,

New Haven, Conn.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPONS.

Wishing to make a great many children happy the publisher gives below some Coupons which will entitle any one who has never been a subscriber, to a four months' trial subscription for 20 cents. Any subscriber who sells these Coupon subscriptions for 20 cents each, may keep ten cents as commission. If you sell ten Coupons, and send 20c. for each, you can receive Little Folks for a year free

By this method the subscriber receives payment for time spent in securing the trial subscriber and the trial subscriber receives four magazines at 5 cents each, just one half the regular rate. The publisher really gives the four magazines free, as the 10 cents he receives will hardly pay for printing, postage and clerk hire, but new people will become acquainted with LITTLE FOLKS and many will wish to continue their subscription.

No commission can be allowed for permanent subscriptions received from these trial subscriptions. Remember, you can keep one-half the money you receive for trial subscribers. [see over.] You will sell the five coupons in this number in a short time if you *try*.

More Coupons will be sent to subscribers who request them.

THIS COUPON, when signed by a regular subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS will entitle the purchaser (if not a regular subscriber) to a four months trial subscription to LITTLE FOLKS for twenty cents (which should be paid the regular subscriber), if returned to S. E. Cassino, Publisher LITTLE FOLKS, Salem, Mass., before July 1, 1900.

Name and full address of Trial Subscriber,

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Name and full address of Old Subscriber,

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If you prefer a premium to a cash commission, and remit 20c. each for five coupons, you may have your choice of any book mentioned on advertising page VII of the February Little Folks.

LITTLE FOLKS.

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers, and Little Listeners, and Lookers' at Pictures

Edited by Charles Stuart Pratt and Ella Farnam Pratt.

Little Folks is different from all the other magazines for little children. Everything in it is made *just for the child*, for little boys and girls under ten. Only such stories, rhymes and pictures as little children will love to look at and read and hear again and again are admitted to its pages.

Little Folks is a story teller, a playfellow, an out-of-school magazine, nevertheless it stands high in favor with teachers. All its stories and rhymes are carefully chosen, and are such as can be read aloud in the school-room. Its fun is of a simple, sunshiny sort. Its little tales of children possess an ethical value—that is, their influence upon the child is good. They stimulate their readers to be fearless, cheerful, unselfish, and, above all, true and honorable. All stories of a painful kind are excluded, especially such as would haunt nervous and imaginative children.

Little Folks is profusely illustrated by the best artists.

Price, One Dollar a year.

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A $1,000 PICTURE

For Girls and Boys.

We have produced at the expense of $1,000 a color-type of 46 wild fur bearing animals in their natural colors. Every boy and girl should have one. Every mother should have this beautiful picture to show the boys and girls the fur bearing animals in their natural state. The price we ask for this beautiful work of art does not cover its cost. It only helps to pay for printing and postage. Send **20 cents** in stamps today and you will receive this beautiful picture post paid.

NORTHWESTERN HIDE AND FUR CO.,
410 MAIN STREET, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

We want You to know Us

not only as makers of the **NEW ROCHESTER,**

THE STANDARD LAMP OF THE WORLD,

but also as headquarters for all lamp information. We will cheerfully supply it gratis, whether pertaining to Rochester goods or not. Our motive is not entirely philanthropic. We want you to think "ROCHESTER" whenever you think "LAMPS." But we don't want you to consider, as so many do, that any centre-draft lamp is a Rochester. The name is not that of a class but of a particular lamp. And every lamp that has not that name stamped on it is not a real Rochester or **NEW ROCHESTER.** If the dealer sells or offers it as such he is trying to defraud you. Beware of him.

Whatever you want to know about lamps,
Whenever you want to know it, ask

THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,
38 Park Place and 33 Barclay St., New York.

SHERIDAN'S

POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind like it

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce health and form eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first
One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid. $5. Sample of BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass

Little Folks Annual.

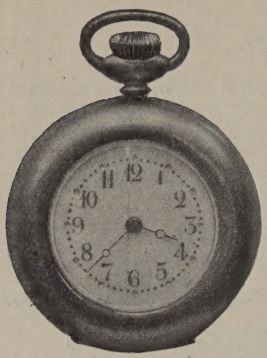
The second volume of Little Folks bound in strong, handsome cloth covers, makes the best book ever issued for children. The book will be sent

Postpaid for $1.50.

It will be sent free to any subscriber sending three new subscriptions at $1.00 each.

S. E. CASSINO,

SALEM, MASS.



Watches Given Away

FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO

LITTLE FOLKS.

The three watches mentioned have been selected as premiums for LITTLE FOLKS after careful consideration.

They will give entire satisfaction and are warranted as represented.

The cut is the exact size of a beautiful ladies' gold watch which will be given for thirteen new subscribers or for six new subscribers and $2.75, or for ten new subscibers and $1.25, will be sold for $7.00. This watch has American movement and is a good timekeeper and the case is rolled gold and is guaranteed by the makers for ten years. It is a perfect beauty and any girl or woman may well be proud to own this little gem. Stem winding and setting. This watch is usually sold at retail for $10.00. A good gold-plated well-made long chain will be given for three new subscribers. This chain is suitable for any watch.

A solid silver watch, same size as the cut but tastefully engraved; Swiss movement. This is a very pretty watch and retails for five dollars. It is suitable for a boy or girl. It can be worn with a chatelaine. It will be given for eight new subscribers, or for five new subscribers and $1.40, or for three new subscribers and $2.25. It will be sold for $4.25.

A solid nickle case, American movement. About one half inch larger than the cut. These watches keep good time and the manufacturers warrant them for a year with good care. A very good watch for a boy, and a great many teachers use them. They are given for four new subscribers, or for two new subscribers and $1.00. With a silver plated chatelaine and case, for five new subscribers.

..IS BABY.. Worth Fifty Cents?

THEN why hesitate to put fifty cents into a beautiful book for a record of Baby's Life?

Our "Baby's Record," is arranged with blank pages for all entries of important events. There is a place for baby's picture on the inside cover, and opposite, a page for baby's name, parents' names, etc.

Then pages are arranged for weight, first smile, first tooth, first outing, change to short clothes, etc., etc. Opposite each blank page is a page containing appropriate poems and beautiful illustrations. It is bound in dainty white covers, and is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

You could not procure a Better Present for Baby's Mother.

Nothing would please her so much as this dainty book. You will be glad to have this record of baby's doings and sayings and so will the baby when grown to manhood or womanhood. **Sent on receipt of Fifty Cents. Personal Checks and Postage Stamps not taken.**

WOOD-ALLEN PUBLISHING CO., ANN HARBOR, MICH.

Through, Sure.

Mothers feel safe when they have the Lotion on hand.

Mrs. Ben Estes, Plainwell, Mich.—"I have used Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for my little girl. Her gums were swollen and exceedingly sensitive. It reduced the swelling and her gums are hard and firm. It is indeed a friend to both the babe and mother. She don't seem to suffer any pain from cutting her teeth since I have used the Lotion."

Doctor Hand's Remedies for Children for sale by all Druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

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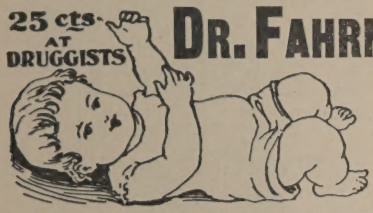
25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS



DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion, cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

The MOTHER SCENTS DANGER with the first cough.

The DELAVAU REMEDY

is an acknowledged Specific for WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, *or any spasmodic condition which may lead to these.*

Its record has not been equalled by any other remedy. Send for circular.

J. W. S. DELAVAU & CO.,

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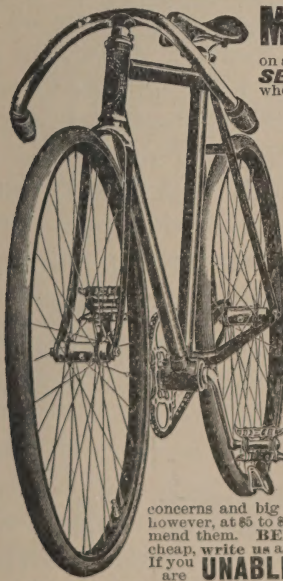


MONTROSE BICYCLE SENT FREE

on approval to your address ***WITHOUT A CENT IN ADVANCE.*** ***SEND US YOUR ORDER,*** state whether you wish lady's or man's wheel; give color, height of frame and gear wanted and **WE WILL SHIP THE WHEEL** C. O. D. on approval, allowing you to uncrate and examine it fully before you accept it. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, and a better wheel than you can get for any where near the price from any one else, refuse it and we will pay all express charges ourselves. ***The "MONTROSE" Bicycle*** **at our Special Agent's sample price of $16.50** is the greatest bargain in a bicycle ever offered. We guarantee it equal to any $40 wheel on the market, and you need not accept it nor pay a cent if you do not find it as we represent. We are **EXCLUSIVE BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS** and take this method of quickly introducing our **1900 MODELS.** This offer of a sample wheel at this low price is made to secure a ***RIDER AGENT*** in each town to represent us and take orders. Our agents make money fast.

SPECIFICATIONS. Frame, 22, 24 or 26 inch; ladies, 22 inch. Best Shelby seamless tubing with forged connections, flush joints, improved expander device to fasten seat post and handle bar; Royal Arch crown; the celebrated **Mavis** hubs and hanger—the easiest running known; **Record "A"** tires, the *best* and one of the most expensive tires on the market. The genuine **$4 Mesinger Hygienic** saddle; pedals, tools and accessories the best obtainable. Enameled in black, maroon or coach green, highly finished and ornamented; special finished nickeling on all bright parts. We thoroughly test every piece of material that goes into this machine. Our **binding year's guarantee bond** with each bicycle.

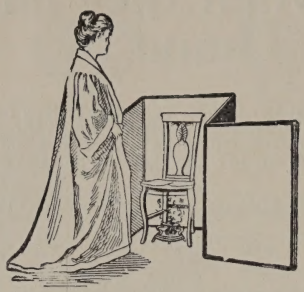
FREE to any one sending the **$16.50** cash in full with order we will send free a genuine **Burdick** 10,000 mile barrel pattern cyclometer; or a high grade floor pump. Your money all back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

CHEAP WHEELS. We do not manufacture the cheap department store kind of wheels, such as many new concerns and big supply houses advertise and sell as high grade. We can furnish them, however, at $5 to $7 stripped; or $9.75 to $12.50 complete. We do not guarantee nor recommend them. **BEFORE ORDERING** a bicycle of any one else, no matter who or how cheap, **write us** and let us tell you how much we can save you on the same machine.

If you are **UNABLE to BUY** a wheel we can assist you to **EARN A BICYCLE** by distributing catalogues for us a few days. We need one person in each town for this purpose. We have several hundred **SECOND HAND WHEELS** taken in trade which we will close out at $3 to $10 each; also some shopworn samples and '99 models very cheap. Send for **Bargain List. OUR RELIABILITY** is unquestioned. We refer to any bank or business house in Chicago, or any express or railroad company. We will send you letters of reference direct from the largest banks in Chicago if you wish it.

SEND YOUR ORDER today. This low price and these **special terms** of shipment without deposit will be withdrawn very soon. ☞ Give name of this paper.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.



A Turkish Bath AT HOME.

$12 Bath Cabinet FOR $5.00

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will be sent to any one securing a new subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS on receipt of 25 cents to pay postage.

—OR—

FOR GIRLS, **A DOLL'S UNION SUIT**

made to order will be sent to any-one securing a new subscriber to LITTLE FOLKS on receipt of 4 cents to pay postage.

If the ONE DOLLAR is sent to

LITTLE DUFFER,

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

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Little Duffer will be pleased to send the picture of his dolls in their **Union Suits** if requested to do so.

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CASH PRIZES

FOR

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Not Portraits merely, but photographs which are interesting as Pictures. Sometimes a portrait has this "picture interest," and such portraits come within the limits of the offer.

Especially we mean: Children singly or in groups in action, children with pets, children with toys, children at play, children with unusual and interesting surroundings.

THE PRIZES ARE:

$5.00 for the most beautiful picture of child-life;
$5.00 for the oddest picture of child-life;
$5.00 for the best picture of children in action;
$5.00 for the best picture of children with pets;
$5.00 for the funniest picture of child-life.

The Competition is Open to all amateurs and also to professional photographers. Technical qualities will be considered, but the awards will be based chiefly on the *interestingness* of the photographs *as pictures*. "Blue prints" are excluded.

No Restriction as to size of photographs or the number submitted.

The Prize Photographs are to belong to LITTLE FOLKS.

Those Not Winning Prizes, if of sufficient merit, will be purchased. Others will be returned, if postage is sent with them.

Competition will Close June 1, 1900.

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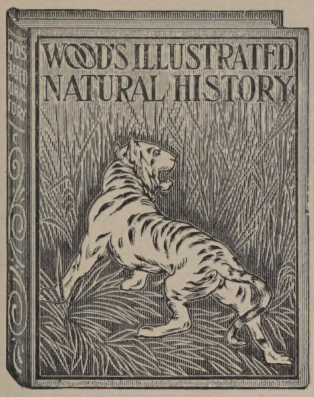

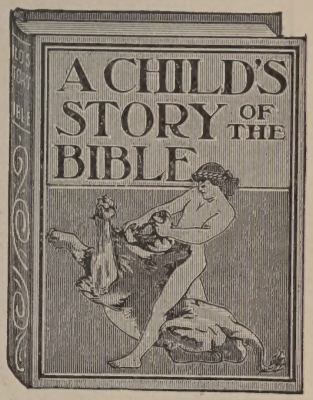

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8 Swiss Family Robinson
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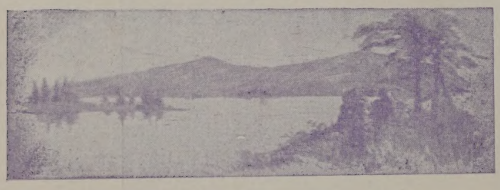

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